THE 1996 COMMERCE, JUSTICE, STATE AND THE JUDICIARY APPROPRIATIONS ACT

HON. RON PACKARD

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 28, 1995

Mr. PACKARD. Mr. Speaker, President Clinton has declared his intention to veto the 1996 commerce, Justice, State, and the Judiciary Appropriations Act. May I say how saddened I am that the President has chosen to act in this way. By vetoing this bill President Clinton is putting the interests of his party above the interests of the Nation

Such an action, while not out of character, is nevertheless surprising considering the overwhelming benefits of this bill. The bill gives more money toward law enforcement, including the INS, who receive a 20 percent increase in desperately needed funds, than any bill ever passed in Congress. How can the President be willing to jeopardize the safety of every American citizen just because his own anti-crime program has been scraped in favor of new initiatives that allow States and local Communities greater flexibility in tackling crime on their streets? Stalling over Medicare and thus endangering the health of our senior citizens is bad enough, but now, by threatening to veto the Commerce, Justice, State, and Judiciary appropriations bill, President Clinton is risking the lives of all Americans. What we the Republicans have always feared is true; the President is more concerned with his own agenda than the fate of the American people.

The 1996 Commerce, Justice, State, and Judiciary Appropriations Act represents a major new initiative in fighting crime. It rejects the old tried and failed attempts to impose solutions from above, solutions that do not, and cannot, take the specific needs and difficulties of local communities into account. By providing States with Block grants, States can still use the money to hire more police if they want, but they can also choose to buy equipment, start prevention programs, improve training—whatever they think will be most effective. This bill takes money out of the hands of Government bureaucrats and puts it into the hands of those who are fighting the war against crime on the front lines. It recognizes that the Federal Government does not always know best. When will President Clinton realize the same and how many more will have to suffer until he does?

FREDDIE MAC'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY—JULY 24, 1970–JULY 24, 1995

HON. THOMAS M. DAVIS

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 28, 1995

Mr. DAVIS. Mr. Speaker, 25 years ago this week, Congress created the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation in an effort to relieve an ailing mortgage finance system. By utilizing what works best in the private and public sectors, Congress established Freddie Mac and revolutionized the home finance industry. Since then, Americans across the Nation have shared in the success, as housing funds have become more affordable and more available. Freddie Mac has continuously expanded into new and diverse markets, financing one in every six homes nationwide. They have housed over 16 million families since their inception in 1970. In my own Commonwealth of Virginia, Freddie Mac has purchased over 444,000 loans worth more than $36 billion in its 25 years.

As my colleagues are well aware, Freddie Mac keeps the supply of low cost money for housing widely available by linking mortgage lenders with security investors. It accomplishes its task by purchasing investment quality loans from primary lenders, packaging these loans as mortgage backed securities, and selling these securities to investors. Money is then available to purchase more loans from the lenders, and the cycle continues. It is important to point out that Freddie Mac accomplishes this without any Federal funding. In fact, it has been a major Federal taxpayer. In the past 5 years alone, it has paid over $2 billion in Federal taxes.

Today, I would like to commend Freddie Mac for another role it plays. As a corporate citizen, Freddie Mac strives to give even more to the communities it serves through its Freddie Mac Foundation. The Freddie Mac Foundation is dedicated to brightening the future of children, youth, and families at risk. Created with an endowment from Freddie Mac in 1990, the Foundation has invested more than $8 million in nonprofit organizations serving the Washington, DC, area.

Healthy families help foster healthy communities. Freddie Mac understands this and we in Congress should recognize and commend them for not only fulfilling their mission, but for taking this mission a step further. As their Chairman and CEO, Leland Brendsel, likes to say, while Freddie Mac's mission is to make the American dream of decent, accessible housing a reality, its foundation and its employees work to turn houses into healthy homes for children. They do this throughout the country, but we in Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia have been particularly blessed by their presence.

In Virginia, one example of particular note is their long-standing partnership with Hunters Woods Elementary School in Reston where the Foundation has committed almost $200,000 and the employees have committed thousands of hours of time working with the kids on their special needs. The entire area will benefit from a recent Freddie Mac commitment of $1 million to help establish a Child Protection Center for area battered and abused children and their families at Children's Hospital. Finally, Freddie Mac's commitment to support our communities is probably best exemplified by a Washington Post article, which I submit for the RECORD, highlighting their work to help the District's foster care program. This is the kind of public/private partnership Freddie Mac brings not only to the community but to its public mission.

I believe Freddie Mac deserves not only congratulations on its 25th anniversary and thanks for doing a good job in meeting its mission, but also for its support for children, youth and families at risk in communities throughout the country.

TRIBUTE TO CHRIS GROSS

HON. ANDREA H. SEASTRAND

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 28, 1995

Mrs. SEASTRAND. Mr. Speaker, I am pleased to rise to share the inspiring story of an ordinary citizen who is accomplishing extraordinary things. From the moment we mounted the stage of America, the family of Americans who called this continent home have come together in adverse and tragic times and demonstrated the best elements of free man. From the first winters at Jamestown there have been countless demonstrations of what Lincoln called the better angels of our nature. Some of these stories will be preserved in our history books, films, and folklore. It is my wish that one such example of an American helping those in need and inspiring others to do the same be recorded in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

Like most Americans, Mr. Chris Gross watched in horror the tragic scenes that followed the Oklahoma City bombing. Not content to just sit and watch, he committed himself to an ambitious goal—help the 137 children who lost a parent in the Oklahoma City bombing by raising 1 million dollars for a college fund. He began by donating a year of his own salary. This extraordinary display of generosity by this 26-year-old from Fremont, CA, has inspired others from all over the country to give to this admirable cause. As Mr. Gross holds a fundraiser in the 22d Congressional District of California on August 9, he will have already raised more than $500,000.

When Mr. Gross reaches his goal, he will have done more than help financially provide for 137 children's education. He will have also inspired all those who have heard of his commitment and remind us that Americans are the most generous and charitable people on Earth.

TRIBUTE TO COL. WALTER L. MAYO, JR. (USA-RET.) KOREAN WAR VETERAN

HON. JAMES P. MORAN

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 28, 1995

Mr. MORAN. Mr. Speaker, this week we gather as a nation to honor the soldiers and sailors, marines and airmen, and all those who served, fought, and died in our Armed Forces in the Korean war. The Korean War Veterans Memorial, which we dedicate 42 years after the signing of the armistice of July 27, 1953, occupies a place of prominence and remembrance on the Washington Mall. This location among the grand monuments of our country is a fitting tribute to the veterans of a forgotten war that for too long has dwelt in the shadows of our history.

Among the ranks of those who served in the Korean war, one group has received scant attention and recognition even to this day—the more than 7,000 prisoners of war and 8,000 still listed as missing in action. I would like to tell the story of one man, Col. Walter L. Mayo, Jr. (USA-Ret.) of McLean, VA, and Centerville, MA, who fought from the Pusan perimeter to

the banks of the Yalu River and who spent 3 years as a prisoner of war. His story stands as testimony to the thousands of others whose heroism and sacrifice went unrecognized for too long.

Walt Mayo was no stranger to combat when he arrived in Korea in 1950. A World War II veteran, he had served as a rifleman during the Battle of the Bulge and was captured by the Germans. After his release, he went to Boston College on the GI Bill, joined the ROTC program, and received a Regular Army commission on January 1, 1950. He landed in Korea on August 10 as a field artillery forward observer in the 99th Field Artillery, attached to the 3d Battalion, 8th Cavalry Regiment, 1st Cavalry Division, just weeks after the June 25, North Korean invasion of the Republic of Korea [ROK]. There he joined the thin line of American and ROK forces that held the Pusan perimeter against 14 North Korean divisions and several tank regiments. The toll was high. By the end of his first week in combat, Lieutenant Mayo was the only survivor among the three original forward observers in his unit.

By mid-September, MacArthur's landing at Inchon had combined with a breakout from the Pusan perimeter led by the 1st Cavalry to shift the tide of the war. The 8th Army pushed north to the Yalu River, crushing the remnants of the North Korean army. On Halloween, the 8th Cavalry Regiment was at the leading edge of the American forces, at the town of Unsan only miles from the Chinese border. The men did not know it, but they had reached the high-water mark of the American advance for the entire war.

The Chinese Communist forces struck American units in force for the first time of the war on November 1. Lieutenant Mayo's unit, the 3d Battalion, had established a perimeter near an odd-shaped bend of the Nammyon and Kuryong rivers. The unit had received orders to withdraw, but in the morning darkness of November 2 the Chinese attacked on three sides. Scores of Chinese poured into the American position near the battalion command post, and the fighting quickly became hand-to-hand. The men regrouped around three tanks and held off enemy attacks until daylight. They dug in during the day of November 2, protected by fighter-bomber strikes. Six officers, including Lieutenant Mayo, and 200 men were left to fight. Some 170 wounded were brought inside the small perimeter.

The fate of the 3d Battalion was sealed when the rest of the 1st Cavalry Division was ordered to withdraw on the evening of November 2. Completely cut off, the 3d Battalion had no further hope of rescue. But the men continued to fight, fending off wave after wave of Chinese attacks—at least six separate attacks each during the nights of November 2–3 and 3–4. As the American soldiers exhausted their ammunition, they crept out at night to collect weapons and ammunition from the dead Chinese soldiers that littered the ground around them. One soldier described Lt. Mayo during this time as ''the finest combat officer I have ever seen.''

The situation on the morning of November 4 was grim. More than 250 men lay wounded. They had almost no ammunition and the tanks had long since been destroyed. The officers decided to attempt a break-out. The battalion surgeon, Captain Anderson, and the chaplain, Father Emil Kapaun, volunteered to stay behind with the wounded.

That afternoon, Lt. Mayo and three others crawled across the bodies of the dead Chinese to scout a way out of the encirclement. He found a hole in the lines and sent word back for the rest of the group to follow. The survivors broke out just as the Chinese fired a massive artillery barrage in preparation for a final attack on the perimeter. The official Army history records the 3rd Battalion's fight as the ''Ordeal Nuclear Camel's Head Bend.''

The group evaded the Chinese for 2 days. The official account states simply that,

> The next day, within sight of bursting American artillery shells, Chinese forces surrounded them and the battalion group, on the decision of the officers, broke up into small parties in the hope that some of them would escape. At approximately 1600 on the afternoon of 6 November the action of the 3rd Battalion, 8th Cavalry, as an organized force came to an end. Most of these men were either killed or captured that day . . .

The entire 8th Calvary Regiment had lost some 600 men—a 45-percent casualty rate that meant the unit effectively ceased to exist.

Walt Mayo was captured by the Chinese on November 7 and marched north for 2 weeks to Pyoktong near the Chinese border. By the end of the march, the column of American POW's had grown to almost 600 men. Walt Mayo's parents were told he was missing in action.

Camp 5 at Pyoktong consisted initially of these 600 men housed 15 or 20 to a room in partially destroyed sheds and houses. The men had no way to clean themselves, little fuel, and no blankets to ward off the sub-zero temperatures. They had not received winter issue clothes before they were captured, so they only had light field jackets. The men were filthy and soon became covered with lice. Wounds became infected and sores began to break out and fester. The meager diet of cracked corn and millet took its toll, as limbs began to swell from beri-beri, night blindness struck and the men felt the effects of pellagra and other nutritional diseases. Pneumonia, hepatitis, and dysentery afflicted the weakened soldiers. The men began to die.

In February, 1951, 800 more POW's, including members of the Turkish Brigade, joined the original group at Pyoktong. Members of the Royal Ulster Rifles followed in April. But the death toll among the weakened men who had been in the camp through the freezing winter of 1950–51 continued to climb. By the late spring, more than two dozen men a day were dying. The death toll did not begin to drop until August, 1951.

The period from November 1950 until October 1951 was the darkest and deadliest chapter for American POW's. The Chinese did not feel they would have to account for the men, so they gave them almost nothing and sought to do little more than exploit and punish them. Some Americans gave up under the pressure of disease, deprivation, and despair. The vast majority of the 2,700 American POW deaths took place in these first 11 months, with almost 1,500 dying in Camp 2 alone.

Most men held on to their dignity and a few even reached deep inside themselves to find reservoirs of great courage and strength. Father Emil Kapaun was one such man. Walt had known Father Kapaun since the Pusan perimeter, when Father Kapaun had his pipe shot out of his mouth by a sniper. He had shown incredible bravery during the ''Ordeal Near Camel's Bend,'' constantly risking his life to tend to the wounded.

Father Kapaun served as constant source of cheer and inspiration in Camp 5. He ministered to the sick and dying, and emulated St. Dismas, the good thief, in stealing food from the Chinese for the men. The Chinese feared Father Kapaun and the strength of his faith. When he developed a blood clot in his leg in April, 1951, the Chinese took him away to die. Walt joined with others after the Korean war ended to dedicate a high school in Wichita, KS, in honor of Father Kapaun. They gave the school a crucifix, with a crown of barbed wire, that a Jewish officer, Jerry Fink, had painstaking carved in the camp in honor of Father Kapaun.

After Father Kapaun's death, Walt tried secretly to document the horror of the camp with a movie camera that he had received from an intermediary, Corporal Buckley of the Royal Ulster Rifles, from a Private First Class Magelski. But an informant turned all three of them in to the Chinese. Their refusal to break under interrogation kept the punishment relatively light—just over 2 months in solitary confinement. Walt was thrown into a hole in the ground so small he could neither stand up nor lie down. He kept his sanity by scratching out the lessons of the Jesuits in the dirt and on scraps of paper—math equations, Latin conjugations, and anything else to resist the isolation.

In November 1991, Walt and the other officers were moved to Pingchong-ni some 8 miles northeast of Pyoktong. The conditions improved slightly and the resolve, discipline, and camaraderie rose. The British officers in the camp felt a particular kinship with Walt because of his broad New England accent and dubbed him the ''boy Lieutenant.'' The men became more imaginative in their resistance to the Chinese. They had a ''crazy week'' complete with operations from an aircraft carrier sketched in the dirt. Helicopter pilot Johnny ''Roterhead'' Thornton rode an imaginary motorcycle everywhere he went. Another shaved his head, wore a feather, and told the Chinese he was a blood brother of the Mohawk Indian tribe celebrating national tom-tom week. The bonds forged there with Hank Pedicone, Bart DeLashmet, Harry Hedlund, Sid Esensten, and others have lasted to this day. Most of all, the men helped each other to survive for almost 2 more years.

Under the terms of the Armistice signed on July 27, 1953, the Chinese had 60 days to return POW's. They used that as the last opportunity to punish the resisters. The ones who had caused the most problems were held to the last. Walt Mayo crossed Freedom Bridge on September 5, 1953, on the 58th day of the prisoner exchange.

Of the 7,140 American POW's in the Korean war, more than 3,000 died or were never heard from again. The total number who died as prisoners was probably much higher, given that many of the 8,000 missing in action were certainly taken by the Chinese. But we know that at least two out of every five men died in captivity, a toll matched only by the POW's held by the Japanese in World War II.

Walt Mayo said that he lived because of three weapons his captors could never take from him: faith in God, faith in his country, and faith in himself. He, like so many other Americans who fought in Korea, used these common values to achieve uncommon courage,

strength, and discipline. The memorial's stark, moving depictions of weary fighting men seem to somehow capture this inner quality. It is right and proper that we at long last give this due honor to Walt Mayo and the POW's who survived; to Father Kapaun and those thousands of Americans who lie buried along the banks of the Yalu; and to all of the veterans of the Korean war.

THE SPIRIT OF VERMONT AND THE NEW KOREAN WAR MEMORIAL

HON. BERNARD SANDERS

OF VERMONT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, July 28, 1995

Mr. SANDERS. Mr. Speaker, this week the new memorial on The Mall to the brave Americans who fought in the Korean war was dedicated. It is long overdue that we have lasting tribute in our Nation's Capital to the near 1.5 million Americans from Vermont and all across our Nation who answered the call to stop North Korean aggression in the 1950's.

I hope there will be many occasions when Vermonters will be able to visit this powerful work of art and to honor those who fought and those who died in the Korean conflict.

I also want to call to the attention of my colleagues that Frank Gaylord of Barre, VT, who saw extensive combat action in World War II as a member of the 17th Airborne Division, 513th Parachute Infantry Regiment, is the sculptor of the column of 19 poncho-swathed soldiers featured in the Korean War Memorial.

Frank Gaylord has been a professional sculptor for 44 years, having received his bachelor of fine arts degree from Temple University in 1950. He returned to Vermont where he has worked in his own sculpture studio in Barre, VT for 38 years.

He has been chosen to create sculpture for municipalities, States, and educational institutions throughout the United States and Canada, including statues of Pope John Paul II, U.S. President Calvin Coolidge from Vermont, and Martin Luther King, Jr. He is equally comfortable designing sculpture using granite, marble, resin, or metal as a medium.

Frank Gaylord's latest composition at the Korean War Memorial is a moving reminder to all of us of the power of art. The Washington Post, in applauding his work, affirms that Gaylord's soldiers stand unpretentiously for the common soldiers of all wars.

I am proud that one of Vermont's native sons has bestowed this gift upon all of us, especially our Nation's deserving Korean war veterans.

I also ask that the text of a feature article about the Korean War Memorial that appeared on July 22, 1995, in the Washington Post be reprinted in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD following this statement.

[From the Washington Post, July 22, 1995]

A MARCH TO REMEMBER—MOVING MONUMENT TO KOREA VETERANS SURPASSES THE TORTURED HISTORY OF ITS DESIGN

(By Benjamin Forgey)

When the Korean War Veterans Memorial is dedicated next Thursday—the 42nd anniversary of the armistice ending the war—veterans and their families will be celebrating an honor long overdue.

They can also celebrate a work of beauty and power. Given the tortured history of the memorial's design, this seems almost a miracle. But there it is. Situated on proud symbolic turf southeast of the monument to Lincoln, in equipoise with the Vietnam Veterans Memorial to Lincoln's north, the Korean memorial is a worthy addition to the national Mall.

Despite some big flaws, our newest memorial is incredibly moving. And what could have been its most glaring weakness—a column of realistically sculpted soldiers in combat formation—turned out to be its major strength. Unheralded sculptor Frank Gaylord of Barre, Vt., created 19 figures that are convincing individually and as a group.

It is a case of art rendering argument superfluous. There were obvious dangers in the concept of a memorial featuring a column of battle-ready soldiers. If excessively realistic, they could be off-putting. If strung out in too orderly a row, they could be deadeningly static. And yet, if inordinately animated, they could be seen as glorifying war. Indeed, in one of Gaylord's early versions, they came perilously close to doing just that.

But in the end, none of this happened. Placed dynamically on a triangular field of low juniper shrubs and cast in stainless steel at a scale slightly larger than life, these gray, wary troopers unself-consciously invite the empathy of all viewers, veteran and nonveteran alike.

The sculptures and triangular ''field of service'' are one of three major elements in the memorial. With an American flag at its point, the field gently ascends to a shallow, circular ''pool of remembrance'' framed by a double row of braided linden trees. There also is a memorial wall.'' Made of huge slabs of polished black granite, each etched with shadowy faces of support troops—nurses, chaplains, supply clerks, truck drivers and so on—the 164-foot wall forms a subtly dramatic background for the statues. High on the eastern end of the wall, where it juts into the pool of water, is a terse inscription. Freedom is not free.

The memorial was designed by Cooper Lecky Architects of Washington—although, in an important sense, the firm acted like the leader of a collaborative team. Important contributions were made by Gaylord and Louis Nelson, the New York graphic designer of the memorial wall, and also by the Korean War Veterans Memorial Advisory Board and the reviewing agencies, especially the Commission of Fine Arts.

Not to be forgotten are the four architects from Pennsylvania State University who won the design competition back in the spring of 1989—John Paul Lucas, Veronica Burns Lucas, Don Alvaro Leon and Eliza Pennypacker Oberholtzer. This team dropped out after it became apparent that its original design would have to be altered significantly to pass muster with the advisory board, reviewing agencies and others. The team sued, and lost, in federal court.

Key elements of the competition design remain in the final product—particularly the central idea of a column of soldiers moving toward a goal. But the finished product is a big improvement over the initial scheme. It's smaller and more accomodating—not only was the number of soldiers cut in half (the original called for 38 figures), but also a vast open plaza was eliminated in favor of the contemplative, shaded pool. It's easier to get into and out of—the clarity of its circulation pattern is outstanding. Its landscaping is more natural—among other things, the original called for a grove of plane trees to be clipped ''torturously,'' as a symbol of war. The symbolism of the memorial is now simple and clear.

Still, Cooper-Lecky and the advisory board went through many versions, and many heartbreaks, on the way to getting a design approved—and the finished memorial shows the strain of the long, contentious process. It cannot be said that this memorial possesses the artistic grandeur and solemnity of the Lincoln Memorial. It does not have the aesthetic unity of Maya Lin's Vietnam Veterans wall. It is not quite so compelling a combination of the noble and the everyday as Henry Merwin Shrady's Grant Memorial at the other end of the Mall. But this is to put the new memorial in elevated company—together with the Washington Monument, these are our finest expressions of memorial art. To say that the Korean War memorial even comes close is a tribute.

Without question, its worst feature is a sequence of parallel strips of polished black granite in the ''field of service.'' Unattractive and unneeded, they threaten to reduce the soldiers' advance to the metaphorical level of a football game. And on one side of the field, they end in obtrusive, triangular blocks of granite, put there to discourage visitors from walking onto the granite ribbons. The junipers may in time cover the strips—at least, one can hope—but these bumps, unfortunately, will remain bumps.

The wall gets a mixed review. A clever if somewhat shameless adaptation of Maya Lin's idea—with faces rather than names etched in—it honors support troops, who always outnumber those on the front lines. It is beautifully made. The heads are real ones from photographs in Korean War archives, digitally altered so that the light source is always coming from the direction of the flag. The etching is wonderfully subtle: The faces seem to float in a reflective gray mist. The wall tugs the heartstrings, for sure, but it's also a bit obvious, a bit much. It has the feel of a superfluous theatrical trick.

Fortunately, the wall does not interfere too much with the sculpture, which from the beginning has been the primary focus of this memorial, It was an extraordinary challenge, one of the great figurative commissions of the late 20th century, and Gaylord came through. To walk down from the Lincoln Memorial and catch a first, apparitional glimpse of the soldiers, as they stalk from under the tree cover, is quite a thrill. Even from a distance and from the back, the gray figures are compelling.

And, as choreographed on that field, they become more compelling the closer you get until, with a certain shock, you find yourself standing almost within touching distance of the first figure: a soldier who involves you in the movement of the patrol by turning his head sharply and signaling—Beware!—with the palm of his left hand. He is a startling, daring figure and, with his taut face and that universal gesture of caution, he announces the beginning of a tense drama.

It is an old device, familiar in baroque painting and sculpture, to involve the viewer directly in the action by posture, gesture, facial expression. Gaylord adapted it masterfully here: The figures look through you or over your shoulders, enveloping the space beyond the memorial with their eyes. The air fairly crackles with the vitality of danger. The soldiers communicate tersely among themselves, too—in shouted commands or gestures and glances.

The most critical contact, though, may be that first one, between the visitor and that initial soldier. His mouth is open—you can almost hear him hissing an urgent command. You slow down, and then you behold the field before you. There is fatigue and alertness everywhere you look. Each figure and each face is as charged as the next. Appropriately, the gray metal surfaces are not polished and shined. Gaylord's rough treatment of the matte surfaces adds to the nervous intensity of the piece